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The Dying Sergeant.

The following touching sketch possesses a peculiar and melancholy interest, from the fact that it is from the pen of the heroic Gen. Rice, who was killed in one of the recent battles in Virginia. At the time it was written he was Colonel of the New York 44th:

"It was perhaps ten days after the second battle of Manassas, that I visited one of the hospitals near Washington, for the purpose of ascertaining if any of the disabled of my own command had been borne there, and if so, of speaking to them a kind, cheerful word, always so grateful to a wounded soldier. As I was passing through the numerous wards, viewing with feelings of sympathy and pride the mutilated, but patriotic and uncomplaining sufferers, two strangers—a sister and an aunt of one of the young heroes—accosted me, and asked if I would be so kind as to come to the couch of their relative, and stand by him while the surgeon should amputate his limb, which they told me had been amputated a few days before, but, on account of the arteries having commenced to slough away, the physicians decided upon this as the only hope of saving his life. I followed them to the couch.—They were both weeping, but the wounded soldier, although suffering intensely, met me with a smile and saluted me. I sat down by his couch and took his hand in mine.

He told me that he was a sergeant in the 5th New York (Duryea's Zouaves); that he was wounded late in the action and left upon the field; that he remained where he fell from Saturday until Wednesday, with no food save a few hard crackers, left in my haversack, and no water, except that which God gave me from Heaven, in rain or dew, and which I caught in my blanket. The sergeant continued his story after a moment's pause, occasioned by his suffering, by saying: 'You know, Colonel, how God remembers us wounded soldiers with rain, after the battle is over, and when our lips are parched and our tongues are burning with fever. On Wednesday, I was found by one of our surgeons, who dressed my wound and placed me with other disabled soldiers in an ambulance, to be sent to Washington. I arrived late on Thursday evening, when my limb was amputated, and I'—The sergeant again paused in his story, and I begged him not to go on. I noticed that his voice was weaker, and his face more pale and deathlike, and a moment afterward I observed blood trickling down upon the floor from the rubber poncho on which the sergeant was lying.

I at once called the surgeon to his bedside. He examined the limb, and, after consulting with other surgeons in attendance, told me they had decided that it was impossible to save his life; that re-amputation would be useless; that the soldier was fast sinking from exhaustion; and that in all probability, he would not survive the hour; and desired that I should make known their decision and apprehensions to the aunt and sister.

With such language as a soldier might command, I informed them that the sergeant must soon rest. Tears filled their eyes, and they sobbed bitterly; but their grief was borne as Christian women alone can bear such sorrow—for they heard the voice of the elder brother speaking to them as to Martha, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live.' The sister, wiping away her tears, and taking a prayer book from her dress, asked me if I would tell her brother how soon he must die, and if I would read him 'the prayer for the dying.'

I went to the couch, and stood beside the dying soldier. 'Sergeant,' I said, 'we shall halt soon—we are not going to march much further to-day.'

'Are we going to halt, Colonel,' said the sergeant, 'so early in the day?—Are we going to bivouac before night?'

'Yes, sergeant,' I replied, 'the march is nearly over—the bugle-call will soon sound the "halt."'

The sergeant's mind wandered for a moment, but my tears interpreted to him my words.

'Oh! Colonel,' he said, 'do you mean that I am so soon to die?'

'Yes sergeant,' I said, 'you are soon to die.'

'Well, Colonel, I am glad I am going to die—I want rest—the march has been so long that I am weary—I am tired—I want to halt—I want to be with Christ—I want to be with my Saviour.' I read to him 'the prayer for the dying,' most of which he repeated; and then the sister kneeled beside the couch of her dying brother, and offered up to God a prayer, full of earnestness, love and faith. The life-blood of the dying soldier was trickling down the bedside and crimsoning her dress, while she besought the Father that the robes of her dying brother might be 'washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.'

The prayer was finished. The sergeant said 'Amen.' We stood again by the bedside. 'Sister—aunt—do not grieve—do not weep, for I am going to Christ; I am going to rest in Heaven.' Tell my mother, sister,'—the soldier took from his finger a ring and kissed it—'tell my mother, sister,'—said the sergeant, 'that this is for her, and that I remembered her and loved her, dying;' and then he took another ring from his hand, kissed it, and said, 'sister, give this to her to whom my heart is pledged, and tell her—tell her to come to me in Heaven. And, Colonel,' said the sergeant turning to me, and his face brightened with the words,—'tell my comrades of the army—the brave Army of the Potomac—that I died bravely, died for the good old flag. These were the last words of the dying soldier. His pulse now beat feebler and feebler, the blood trickled faster and faster down the bedside, the dew of death came and went, and flickering for a moment over the pallid face, at length rested—rested forever. The sergeant had halted. His bivouac now is in Heaven.—*Cor. Independent.*

Sherman's Campaign.

INTERESTING PRIVATE LETTER OF GEN. HAZEN.

NEAR ATLANTA, Ga., August 2, 1864.

The campaign is running to its fourth month, with scarcely a day but a large part of the command is under fire. My losses in killed or wounded are already over a thousand; but this is no fair proportion of the losses of our army, as the fates have, as usual, put me in warm places.

Will the people keep up their pluck and fight the thing out? It all depends upon their steadfastness of purpose. If Richmond does not fall sooner, the army of the West will finally make its way to the back door. If none of the eastern rebel army comes here, we will wear this one out before the close of the season, and it is but a matter of time when the entire force of the enemy must waste away. Will the people hold out?

Johnston's veteran army, by his official report, June 25th, contained 46,628 arms bearing men, including 6,631 of Wheeler's cavalry. They have lost since that time 5,000 prisoners; and in their three assaults upon our works since arriving in front of this place at least 20,000 men.—They have received from Mississippi 5,500, and are receiving from Governor Brown's proclamation about 8,000 militia. This gives them to-day an army of about 25,000 veterans and 8,000 militia—33,000 in all.

These figures are substantially correct. The hope of being reinforced by Kirby Smith is at last given up.—After exhausting the militia of Alabama and Eastern Mississippi, which may amount to 10,000 more, if they have the power to force them out, I cannot for my life see how the enemy can make up the wastage of their army.

I know the rebel army when it was joined by Polk just before the fight at Resaca was seventy-one thousand strong. This included Polk, and besides the additions before mentioned it has received a brigade (Harting's) of at least three thousand from Mobile. *This gives the enormous loss to them since the campaign of fifty-two thousand men. What possible chance is there for these thirty-three thousand now before us?* These figures may seem exaggerations, but they are not—they are realities; and when it is remembered that we have taken twelve thousand prisoners, have had no less than twelve engagements, where from one to three corps have been in battle, with the ordinary desertions and losses from disease, the fifty-two thousand is readily made up. What will hinder the daily attrition of the next three months from completing the overthrow of the foe before us?

You will say, perhaps, why not assault so contemptible a foe and put him out of his misery at once. The art of war here is no longer a chance matter. Both armies convey a full supply of intrenching tools, and no forces on either side ever rest till they have before them a complete line of works strong enough to resist the heaviest field ordnance, with obstructions in the front in the way of abattis, palisades and intrenchments, that puts the matter of an assault quite out of the question. I think the battle of Chicamauga on the left taught both armies the value of these works. No assault by either side in this campaign has been successful. It would surprise you to see how quickly and willingly these men construct their works. None appreciate their value more truly.

We are losing some good officers, and of course some men, but I wish all could understand how vitally this campaign is striking the rebellion.—Did you read Governor Brown's proclamation calling out the militia and detailed men? There was no blossoming palmeto about that, but a plain and open groan, showing clearly how the travel of our army is moving down upon the tender places of the confederacy.

You know, of course, that Johnston has been relieved by Hood—a man of just half his ability. Gossip has it that his government was dissatisfied with his continued retreating, and sought a man who believed their army could check us. Hardee is said to have been of Johnston's opinion—that the endeavor to hold Atlanta would be the destruction of the army. Hood was then proffered the command and accepted the task.

He has commenced well; has already assaulted us three times, we being behind our works, and losing in all nine thousand five hundred, while they are known to have lost twenty thousand.

I have never believed that the above was the true reason for the change, but that Johnston was taken east to assist in planting a work in Pennsylvania. He knows that country thoroughly, for it is the theatre of his first operations in 1861. Besides, next to Bragg, he is the first general in the army in point of military ability.

The greatest victory for them—greater than fifty Manassasses, and the only one that can give them a particle of hope—will be to defeat the war party at the incoming campaign. If they can by any possibility keep their army in the field, no matter whether victorious or not, and a little before election place a strong army upon the soil of a free State, with a fair show of sharp diplomacy upon the part, carelessly met by us, then let the question go flat before the people—"peace" or "war"—*and who can tell what will be the result of our last three years of blood and victory.* I fear nothing in Ohio. *Our first great battle must be at the ballot box, and the war power must be sustained at all hazzards.*

The Romance of the Camp.

THE TYLER MARRIAGE

From the Baltimore Loyalist, August 18.

In yesterday's *Loyalist* it is stated that "Mrs. ex-President Tyler denies the statement made in the New York Herald, that a daughter of ex-President Tyler had recently married a soldier. He has no unmarried marriageable daughter, and the story recorded by the correspondent from the James river is a pure invention."

The above sensation is simply an evasion, which is sometimes resorted to, it seems even by the "first families of Virginia." Had the correspondent of the Herald stated that a niece of ex-President Tyler had married a common soldier of the United States Army, Mrs. ex-President Tyler would not have found it so easy to deny the fact, and which, by the way, we look upon as honorable to the young lady, as well as to the family with which the soldier has condescended to connect himself.

As the true story is somewhat romantic, and carries with it an interesting political and social moral, it shall be given, for the benefit of the readers of the *Loyalist*, and, as Mr. Lincoln says, of "whom it may concern."

It must be premised that Miss Angeline Tyler, niece of ex-President Tyler, has for some time resided near the James, near or within the lines of General Butler, who had had some correspondence with Mrs. Tyler, who expressed great anxiety to visit her niece, on account of her delicate health, and solicited a pass for that purpose.

In the meantime one John Kick, a stout, well formed, handsome soldier, belonging to a New York regiment, on his way to the front, was providentially taken ill, and stopped at the hospitable mansion of Miss Tyler, where, in spite of his Yankee origin, United States uniform, abolition principles, and his being one of "Abe Lincoln's hirelings," he was kindly received, humanely treated and tenderly watched over by the aforesaid Angeline.

John Kick lingered almost too long. He was on the point of being inscribed on the roll of deserters, when he appeared at General Butler's headquarters, smiling, hale and hearty, and humbly presented to the General a missive, neatly folded and addressed in a feminine hand to himself. On opening it he found a humble representation that the husband of the undersigned, having possibly rendered himself liable to military punishment by overstaying his time, which delay was explained by the fact that he had been taken sick at her house, and had required considerable time for his recovery and also for the celebration of his marriage to herself, which was substantiated by responsible witnesses, she prayed that, in consideration of the peculiar circumstances, he might be forgiven, and, furthermore, that a furlough of thirty days be granted him, that they might complete their necessary household arrangements.

On inquiring into the facts General Butler found that Kick did not belong to his command, but was under General Burnside, whereupon he kindly wrote at once to that commander, stating the facts, and, congratulating him upon the prospect of raising up a generation of Union soldiers in Virginia, advised a compliance with the petition of Mrs. Kick, *nee* "Tyler."—We may presume that the gallant General Burnside promptly gave his assent, and enabled the newly wedded pair to enjoy their honeymoon, with no apprehensions of war's alarms, or disturbing visions of invading "Yanks" or "Johnnies."

To crown the whole matter, General Butler addressed a polite note to Mrs. Tyler, informing her that her niece would no longer excite her anxiety for her health or her lonely situation, inasmuch as she had taken for her husband and lawful protector John Kick, a brave soldier of the army of the United States; but still, as she might wish to witness the happiness of the newly wedded pair, and give them such advice as a matronly relative only could bestow, he took pleasure in forwarding her the pass she had so long desired.

Such are very nearly the facts of this romantic affair.

Edward Kirk at Richmond.

Mr. "Edmund Kirk" Gilmore lectured last Wednesday at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and gave the following account of his recent visit to Richmond:

I went to Richmond with the Rev. Col. Jacques, and went with the hope of making negotiations which might result in peace. If we should succeed we thought the consciousness of having served our country would pay our expenses. If we failed, we might still serve the country by letting the people of the North know what was the reason of our failure; for I went with the propositions, on the basis of which I might have made an arrangement for peace with Mr. Davis, and if we were unsuccessful, it would be useful for the country to know what propositions were rejected. We went to Richmond in an ambulance, and were three hours on the way after we entered the rebel lines. We entered Richmond at ten o'clock, and planted our white flag in the very heart of the rebel capital.

As we stopped, Judge Ould, the rebel commissioner of exchange, directed Col. Jacques to button up his overcoat as it was dangerous to be seen with a blue uniform in the streets of Richmond. We were taken to a hotel, and shown up to No. 60, a shabby room with some fine furniture in very bad order. We were provided with a supper, and directed how to apply for an interview with the President. The next morning we directed a note to Secretary Benjamin asking an interview with the President and were invited to call upon him, when we made an arrangement to meet the President that evening, which was Sunday.

On meeting our engagement we were shown into the State Department, where we saw Mr. Benjamin, a small, plump, black-haired, black-eyed man, seated in his usual place, and at his right a pale, thin man, dressed in a suit of darkish gray, with a mouth and chin expressive of the greatest determination. We told him simply that we came without official authority, but knowing the opinions of our government, to see on what terms peace might be made.

Mr. Davis replied, quietly, *withdraw your armies from our territory and peace will follow of itself.* We told him that the Northern people would never agree to any plan which did not include the establishment of the Union. Mr. Davis said that we never could live in peace. The North had sowed such bitterness between the two sections that we never could have peace in this generation.

We then urged upon him that it was his duty to use every effort to put an end to this monstrous bloodshed. He acknowledged this, and declared that none of the blood shed in this war could be lay to his own charge. They (the South) were not fighting for slavery; they were fighting for independence; and independence or extermination they would have. We then tried to show him that the position of the rebel armies was such that it was better for them to give up the contest while they could do so with honor; but he was unwilling to admit that his armies were in such a desperate position. He laid the blame of the barbarity of this war entirely upon the North, utterly ignoring the instances of rebel barbarity which we brought to his notice.

I then had a considerable conversation with Mr. Davis, in which I had indirectly offered him the terms which I had been authorized to suggest; but as he did not show any disposition to meet me, I did not state them explicitly. These terms will be given through the newspapers in a short time. They were, in general, entire abolition, a general amnesty, no confiscation, the debts of the South to be ignored, the debts of the general Government to be borne by all the States. Mr. Davis declared such terms could never be accepted by the Southern people, and that rather than submit to them they would stake their whole property and their national existence.

GRANT AND LEE.—Lee assaulted McClellan's lines in twenty-five days after he was made commander of the rebel army. He got rid of McClellan in seven days. He got rid of Burnside in less time. He got rid of old Joe Hooker by a single battle at Chancellorsville. He got rid of Meade, at Mine run, in half an hour. He has not been able to get rid of Grant in nearly four months. A round dozen of battles have not enabled him to shake away from the tenacious hold of that hard fighter, and he is worn out with the attempt.

On the line of the Atlantic and Great Western railway, near Wooster, Ohio, the embankment and track lately disappeared in a most mysterious manner. Upon examination it was found that about a hundred feet of the road had sunk, and was continuing to sink, while into the cavity formed, black mud and heavy streams of water gushed from below. With the water there were thrown up a number of eyeless fish, still living. The sink is one of great depth, and considerable difficulty will be experienced in filling it.

A man was inquiring what he should do with his torn and mutilated postal currency. An exchange says, deposit it on the contribution plate at evening meetings, same as other people do.

ANECDOTES OF ENGLISH JUDGES.—The July number of Fraser's Magazine has the following stories:

Lord Mansfield, the prince of courtesy, was in the habit of reading newspapers and answering letters in court. Lord Eldon did so too; and Lord Abinger would do it ostentatiously and offensively, to mark his contempt for the advocate. Lord Clare, who had a life-long feud with Curran, beginning with a duel, once brought a Newfoundland dog into a court, and gave it his exclusive attention whilst Curran was speaking. The counsel paused. "Proceed, Mr. Curran; pray proceed," said the Lord Chancellor, looking up, with his hand on the head of his canine companion. "I will proceed, my lord, when your lordships have concluded your consultation."

Anecdotes abound of Chief Justice Willes's gallantry, not to say profligacy, which we cannot venture to reproduce; and Boswell reports a conversation with Johnson, in 1773, which appears to have been suggested by some judicial irregularity. On the same evening, he would not allow that the private life of a judge in England was required no be so strictly decorous as I supposed. "Why, then, sir," said I "according to your account, an English judge must live like a gentlemen." Johnson: "Yes, sir, if he can."

When Lord Nottington (Henley) was master of the Rolls, he requested leave of the king to discontinue the evening sitting of his court; and on being called on for a reason, replied: "Because, please your Majesty, I am always drunk after dinner." Within the memory of the senior members of the profession, the Court of the Exchequer was stated to be composed of one judge, who was a gentleman and no lawyer; a second, who was a lawyer and no gentleman; a third, who was neither; and a fourth, who was both. This description, in which strict accuracy may have been sacrificed to antithesis, recalls Charles Lamb's jocular remark on his four friends of the Lake school—that one would tell a lie, but would not pick a pocket; another would pick a pocket, but would not tell a lie; a third would do neither; and a fourth would do both—selecting, of course, the professed moralist for the climax.

The gentleman judge, not a lawyer, was Baron Graham; and some curious stories are told of his uniform politeness on the bench.

In his day it was usual to suspend judgement in criminal cases till the conclusion of the assizes, and deliver all the sentences in a lump. A name had been accidently omitted in the list of capital punishments, of which he was reminded on coming to the end of the list. "Oh, yes, I see, John Thompson—John Thompson, I beg your pardon; you are also to be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your miserable soul, too!"

Johnson records that, at the trial of Savage for murder, Page concluded an inflammatory address to the jury in this fashion: "Gentlemen of the jury, you are to consider that Mr. Savage is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he wears very fine clothes, much finer clothes than your or I, gentlemen of the jury; than he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; but gentlemen of the jury, it is not a very hard case, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Savage should therefore kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury?"

GEN. GRANT AS A STEVEDORE.—A Petersburg correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says, a few days since Gen. Grant was walking around the docks at City Point, when he stopped to see some negroes roll a barrel of bacon on board of a boat. The negroes were unable to move it, when a crusty lieutenant, who stood near, dressed in his fine blue clothes, shouted, "You d—d niggers, push harder, or go and get another man to help you.' Without saying a word, Gen. Grant pulled up his sleeves and helped the negroes roll the barrel on the boat; then he drew his silk handkerchief from his pocket and wiping his hands, moved quickly away. You may imagine how this *Second* Lieutenant felt when he was told that the stevedore was no less than the Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies. The General was dressed in course homespun, with his hat drawn over his eyes, and one of the most unpretending-looking personages one could imagine.

A correspondent of the Chattanooga *Gazette* writing from East Tennessee, says:

"Sanguine as I have ever been, I must confess to great surprise at the universal popularity of the Lincoln and Johnson ticket. Many gentlemen, reported as tinctured with copper, I find out-spoken and earnest advocates of, Abe and Andy, and for the immediate removal of the great and only cause of disagreement between the people of the North and South—slavery."

Smith made an assertion to Jones. Jones replied that was "a confounded lie—kely story." Smith first started, and then blandly requested Jones to be kind enough to place his syllables closer together upon the next occasion.

A Portrait.

The Hon. John Cessna of Bedford, Pa., long and widely known as a leading Democrat, in a recent speech described a kind of people whom he had observed in Southern Pennsylvania. We print the description in order that our readers may judge whether any such people inhabit their respective neighborhoods. We certainly, have seen such. Hear Mr. Cessna:

"There are unfortunately those among us who cannot discuss the question a single moment without showing that they are at heart foes of the Government and enemies of their race. The people soon learn to find out and know these men. Human skill and ingenuity and all of a traitor's cunning cannot long succeed in concealing their real sentiments.—They hang back or skulk away from our public gatherings on our national holidays; they disparage Union officers and soldiers and eulogize the Rebels. All Union victories are insignificant—of little account; Rebel victories are of incalculable value and importance. Good news is never credited—bad news is often originated, believed, and circulated long before verified. Taxes are obnoxious and oppressive; drafts are unconstitutional and odious; war is bloody and desolating, and the nation ought at once to stop it. For nearly four years, everything has been wrong; nothing excellent, nothing even praiseworthy or passable has ever been done by their own government—only mistakes, wrongs, wicked acts of tyranny, and earnest appeal are made to the people to arise in their might and prevent the establishment of a military despotism. During all this time, they have never been known to utter a word of denunciation against the Rebellion, or see an improper act south of the Rebel lines.

"These are the unmistakable ear marks of the traitor. He may remonstrate; he may write down beneath the picture in large letters the word 'Patriot;' he may, in very noisy and earnest words, insist that he is a 'sound Democrat,' and that every man of his party who sustains the war is an 'Abolitionist.' Yet after all he is neither a patriot nor a good Democrat. You may turn him upside down and inside out, and cleanse and wash him with all the pure waters of America, and you can make nothing out of him but a poor, miserable traitor—just such a one as Gen. Jackson would have strung up for treason in his day and looked for the authority afterward!"

A LEADING JUVENILE.—A Paris correspondent of a London paper thus describes an odd scene which he says took place lately at a theatre in the environs of Lyons: "A worthy blacksmith occupied the first seat in the pit (there is no parquet to in the theatre) and seemed to be absorbed by the incidents of the drama until the 'leading juvenile' made his appearance, whereupon the excellent spectator leaped on the stage and gave the 'leading juvenile' a sound thrashing, which the latter bore with exemplary resignation. The police rushed forward and soon obtained the explanation of the strange proceeding. The blacksmith told them that the 'leading juvenile' was his son, whom he believed to be at Paris pursuing his studies, and who drew regularly every month on him for his board, tuition fees and book-bill. He excused himself for his impetuosity, but confessed that he could not command himself. The blacksmith agreed to allow the proceedings to continue, and he resumed his seat; but when he shook his fist at the 'leading juvenile' and called him blackguard, rogue, knave, etc., whenever he appeared, the laughter in the house destroyed all the effect of the drama. After the curtain fell he collared the 'leading juvenile' and carried him home."

Commodore Charles Stewart, "Old Ironsides," completed his eighty-sixth year on Thursday last, and he is yet as active and cheerful as a man of fifty.

On the passage of the bill making Admirals in the American navy, his commission as Admiral was three times sent to him and as often returned, the old veteran choosing to regard the conduct of the Secretary of the Navy in putting him on the retired list an insult.

Some students having introduced a horse into their recitation room, the College professor entered, saw the quadruped, and quietly remarked;—"You've got a new classmate, I see. I am glad it is a horse; there were jackasses enough before."

Women require more sleep than men, and farmers less than those engaged in any other occupation. Editors, reporters, printers and telegraph operators need no sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they choose and keep out of mischief.

A late French writer says that the Bostonians are much like his own countrymen, polite, courteous and lovers of frogs, and that they have a pond in the middle of a public garden, which is kept for the purpose of supplying the city with these animals!

Shakespeare says that use strengthens habit. Somebody states that he tried it on a coat, but it did not answer at all.